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tween the two primitive colors which compose it. For example, purple ought never to be employed between blue and red; green between blue and yellow; or orange between yellow and red; but each primitive color should be contrasted with its complementary one, which will always be found to be a compound one. Thus, red is a primitive color, but green is a compound one; yellow is primitive, and purple compound; and blue, primitive, and orange compound. In some cases, where one color is employed in a large quantity, and another in a very small quantity, one primitive color may be opposed to another, with good effect. For example, adjoining a mass of blue there may be a speck of red, or of yellow. This doctrine holds good more particularly when masses of compound colors are employed; and thus nothing is finer in effect than a mass of green with two or three specks of red, or of bright yellow. A solitary red flower in the midst of a field of green grass, is an object of great beauty. If we consider black and white as primitive colors, the same doctrine will apply to them; and thus specks of bright light, or of clear black, may be placed adjoining, or among objects of any color whatever.

In disposing of an assortment of flowers, with a view of producing a general harmony of coloring, the same colors should recur at least thrice in the same nosegay. One of these masses of color ought to be larger than any of the others of the same kind; and the other two masses or specks ought to be of different sizes, and not so far distant from the first, or principal mass, as to be easily recognized by the eye. This necessity for three or more portions of color, of a principal mass, and of secondary ones, is derived from the principle of a whole; for to constitute this there must not only be parts, but a predominating part.

Thus, in arranging flowers, not only in bouquets, but in conservatories and gardens, each color should be carried on in the same manner, and according to the same rules of art, as a painter would use in painting a picture. The green is carried throughout the whole naturally by the leaves; but the reds, the blues, and the yellows, or any of their intermediate shades, should be so arranged as to carry each color on throughout the whole, to satisfy the eye.

In the disposition of flowers and trees, a perfect black seldom, if ever, occurs; indeed, it is believed that there is no such thing in nature as a perfect black flower; but the very deep browns and blues in flowers, and the very dark evergreens in trees, may be treated as blacks. These, with whites, which are abundant in flowers, and to be found on trees with silvery foliage, may be sparingly introduced everywhere; but never in masses, when the end to be attained is gaiety, variety, or beauty. Fine woods are objects of gloom and grandeur, and plantations of silvery willows, or other white-leaved trees, are scenes of great sameness and insipidity. When single pines occur, or single willows, or groups of two or three of either class of trees, they become objects of a different kind, and are either picturesque, elegant, varied, or even beautiful, according to their own particular forms, or the surrounding circumstances. Thus a pine, backed by a

near hill, appears of a lighter green, while a white willow, backed by the sky, appears of a darker blue. As a general rule it may be stated then, that large masses of dark in flowers, as well as trees, are more productive of effect than large masses of white.

This subject might be pursued further with advantage, perhaps, but enough has been said to enable the experienced reader to observe for himself. A person who has a natural feeling for colors will have already arrived at the results we have pointed out. By bearing these principles in mind, no great errors can ever be committed; but to obtain the most beautiful effects of mixture of colors in flowers, there must doubtless be a certain degree of natural taste for colors; or a considerable share of experience in their use in artistic work.

Harmony, whether in colors, sounds, or forms, is alike produced by the union of concords and discords on certain general principles, which are easily laid down; but the application of which, so as to produce a superior effect, can only be obtained by minds endowed by Nature with taste and genius, and highly cultivated by art. But, notwithstanding, these rules are sufficient, if adhered to, always to produce a good result. A badly-arranged bouquet is instantly detected by the educated eye, to which it becomes an offensive object.

"Titan ennobled men; Correggio raised children into angels; Raphael performed the more audacious work of restoring to woman her pristine purity. Perugino was worthy of leading him by the hand. I am not surprised that Rubens is the prime favorite of tulip-fanciers; but give me the clear, warm mornings of Correggio, his large-eyed angels, just in puberty, so enjoy. Give me the glowing afternoons of Titian, his majestic men, his gorgeous women, and (with a prayer to protect my virtue) his Bacchantes. Yet, signors! we may descant on grace and majesty, as we will; believe me there is neither majesty so calm, concentrated, sublime, and self-possessed (true attributes of the divine), nor is there grace at one time so human, at another time so superhuman, as in Raphael. He leads us into heaven; but neither in satin robes, nor with ruddy faces. He excludes the glare of light from the sanctuary; but there is an ever-burning lamp, an ever-ascending hymn; and the purified eye sees, as distinctly as 'is lawful, the divinity of the place. I delight in Titian; I love Correggio; I wonder at the vastness of Michael Angelo; I admire, love, wonder, and then fall down before Raphael."—*Cardinal Albani.*

#### REVERENCE FOR AGE.

BY JUSTIN WINSON.

Come, thou! oh, gentle youth! leave off thy vain conceits,

Go, take your old man by the hand, and ask  
How he has borne him through this worldly task;  
And how life's gall was tempered by life's sweets.  
Slowly and weak his heart pulsating beats,  
That once was swelling high in pride and hope;  
Know that the muscles now too loose to cope  
With perils, once were strung in manly feats.  
Know that the memories that round him cluster,  
Read like the legends of the buried Past.  
Though mind and eye have lost their former lustre,  
They yet may try your horoscope to cast;  
To point the path to take, the one to shun,  
What best to do, and what to leave undone.

#### ORIGINAL AND NATIONAL POETS.\*

THE originality of poets, and the nationality of poems, are topics that have been started for new discussion, since the publication of Professor Longfellow's last poem. We have a word to say upon the two points before we come to the poem.

The previous works of our Cambridge poet have been abundantly picked to pieces, both by friends and opponents; and a thought here mated with a thought there in some other poet—a form of expression here set off against a similar one there, and even whole poems paralleled, almost section by section, with those of other poets. The "Building of the Ship," is placed beside Schiller's "Casting of the Ball;" "Evangeline," beside Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea;" "The Golden Legend," beside "Faust," and this new production is, rightly or not, pronounced the counterpart of some Scandinavian or Finnish poem: or, with a more sweeping comparison, his whole works are charged with Germanisms in thought and feeling. "If all this is true, Professor Longfellow is the veriest pilferer imaginable—a plagiarist, beyond comparison." Such is the assertion of his detractors, to which they require an unqualified yes or no. The question cannot be answered so hastily, we think; and, even allowing the "truth" of the introductory clause, we venture to think there should be given to the jurymen a latitude for his decision, beyond the simple verdict the indictment would call for.

Plagiarism presents itself to us in manifold lights. We premise we are not of that class of critics, who, as Coleridge says, imagine that every ill they find flowing comes from a perforation in another man's tank. It is not that we feel the sting of Sir Walter Scott's rebuke, that it is "a favorite theme of laborious dulness to trace coincidences, because they appear to reduce genius of the higher order to the usual standard of humanity, and, of course, to bring the author nearer to a level with his critics;" for we like this searching for similarities, and the corroboration of our suspicions concerning them, as a literary recreation; and a harmless one, too, we deem it, if we can avoid the vanity the quotation hints at, and can look, with an eye to plausibility of accident, after we have found them. We also can listen, without wincing, to the round *Johnsonness* of the Rambler—"When the excellence of a new composition can no longer be contested, and malice is compelled to give way to the unanimity of applause, there is yet this one expedient to be tried, by which the author may be degraded, though his work be revered"—for we hold ourselves as standing in due reverential regard for the author of the poem before us, as well as for the production itself.

The boldest and greatest plagiarists, it is well known, are the greatest of writers—those who can afford both to presume on their favor with the public, and on their own genius, that what they may borrow will speedily become, as it were, a part of themselves, and by a perfect assimilation, go forth again to the world as part and

\* (*Song of Hiawatha*, by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor and Fields).

parcel with their own productions. It were almost needless to recall how Shakespeare does it without stint or fear—passages, for instance, in Coriolanus standing word for word to others in a translation of Plutarch of his day—and even to the taking of his plots. Milton's indebtedness, even beyond England's shores, is without dispute. No one in reading Byron's remarkable description of a shipwreck in Don Juan, where he takes paragraph and word from actual prose descriptions of similar events, doubts the genuine inventive powers of the poet, but rather admires the skill of a master, who, like a landscapist, from a multitude of studies, produces a composition that delights us. In the Arts, too, Raphael transfers bodily to his canvas the St. Paul of another, and appropriates whole compositions from his master, with a quietness that tells us there was no need of inventing, when precisely what he wanted was at hand, and a boldness that almost proclaimed the theft as a piece of good luck. Such as he was, he knew how to respect his creditors, and did not traduce their reputation as Wycherly did, when he stole Shakespeare's Viola, and made her the basest of panders.

Macaulay tells us of a pretty eastern fable, that is suggested to him in a similar connection. A magician waved his wand, and the spirits that obeyed his summons performed his bidding. His slave stole it, and not observing that his master used the left hand, held the staff in his right, when the irregularly summoned spirits tore the poor fellow to pieces. Your plagiarist of genius always knows the proper hand for his incantation, and disposes his acquisition as quietly among his own as if he had known no other occupation for life.

It was not the mere plagiarist that Sheridan satirized in Sir Fretful, but one who had not the skill to steal with taste, and knew not the power of amalgamating with his own mind the emotions and manifestations of others. Those that charge upon Longfellow this kind of literary theft, can hardly dare to say that he spoils in the using. We never find him in the predicament of the story-teller, who has lost the point of his capital joke. Those are not wanting, who will urge that this very ability of preserving the vitality in the transplantation is one of the surest signs of a worthy laborer in the vineyard of poetry. The husbandman is known by his fruits, and is no less to be praised for his success with exotics, than with the natives of the soil. Boileau pronounced a poet of this description as one not guilty of plagiarism, but one who should rather be looked upon as a rival—the doing it without blemish arguing a cognate mind. Such a rival, beside being of use as an instigator of generous emulation, confers an additional favor in coming before us as the almoner of the other, dispensing his gifts to wider circulation; and, if he be an inferior, not unlikely preserving him from oblivion; or otherwise, he may fill an office, which Irving, in one of his pleasant papers of the Sketch-book, elucidates by a very apt comparison, Nature has wisely, though whimsically, provided for the conveyance of seeds from clime to clime, in the maws of certain birds. In like manner, the beauties and fine thoughts of ancient and obsolete authors are caught

up by these flights of predatory writers, and cast forth again to flourish and bear fruit in a remote and distant tract of time." Christopher North imputes something of this notion to Burns, who never, he says, "saw, or heard, a jewel, or a tune of a thought or a feeling, but he immediately made it his own—that is, stole it. *He was too honest a man to refrain from such thefts.* The thoughts and feelings, to whom, by divine right, did they belong? To Nature. But Burns beheld them wait and stray, and in peril of being lost forever. He seized, then, on those snatches of old songs, wavering away into the same oblivion that lies on the grave of the nameless bards who first gave them being, and now, spiritually interfused with his own lays, they are secured against decay—and, like them, immortal." Can there any good come out of plagiarists?

If we find traces of an audacity and frankness in such, we may set them down, with Ruskin, as signs of a vital imitation. The architect of a Gothic edifice to-day goes, boldly and rightly enough, for his sources of inspiration, to the mediæval specimens, and is deemed no servile imitator therefor, if he has comprehended the feeling the structure manifests, knows each thought that comes from each pinnacle, and bodies forth his attainments in a consonant result. There is no place where the eye of genius shines brighter than when he enters upon another's field, and contends without the choice of weapons. He feels the patent of his pre-eminence is the issue, and he has challenged a comparison that offers no medium between success and defeat.

In what we have said, we would not be considered the advocates of an indiscriminate plagiarism—by no means. We would only desire to show to those who condemn it in unequalled terms, that we are not alone in having faith in its utility in many respects, and that as the work of genius, it has, in the language of one of Reynolds's Discourses, "a right to the same lenity as was used by the Lacedæmonians, who did not punish theft, but the want of artifice to conceal it." Whenever Prof. Longfellow has boldly dared a comparison with others, we deem it fair to state, we think him entitled to all the privileges and immunities that can be bestowed upon a poet of his artistic and scholarly genius.

There are similarities less palpable and apparently unavowed, which, before judging, it would be well always to see if they are anything more than an accidental coincidence. No one has practised much at composition, and has had a tolerable share of reading or literary intercourse, who will not know what we mean, when we say that there is often that amalgamation between the memory and invention, when "faded ideas float in the fancy like half-forgotten dreams, and the imagination in its fullest enjoyments, becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted." The author of self-sustaining power is not doubtful what course to pursue under such contingencies, but only he who lacks a confidence in himself. The amalgamation that is so perfect as to produce the hesitancy in question, would be a sufficient warrant to the former for the adoption of the result, while it would only

add distrust to the whole performance of the latter.

There is another delicacy of decision to be given as to what is of traditional behest to the common stock, and in individual cases, of course, the poet and his critic must, at times, run at tilt. No one can be checked for writing of "the ocean of life," if he likes it, despite its triteness; while there may be other metaphors, already the common property of several authors of repute, which might scarcely be considered within the limits of licensed usage. These casual coincidences, when observed, give occasion to much hasty and ill-grounded animadversions, which a leniency, derived from a due recognition of the many causes that may have led to it, might pass over as undeserving of positive remark. We know no better testimony in favor of the chances of a similarity of thought, feeling, and expression among writers, which would come of the nature which is common to men, and educations, and intercourses, which may be alike, than is given by the collectors of proverbs, who find that there is scarcely a saying, resulting from the experiences of men in one place, that will not have its counterpart, therefore arguing the same experiences, in another. Thus the same causes that established "the carrying of coals to Newcastle," as an adage in England, gave rise to "the carrying of pepper to Hindostan," in the East.

There is another class of similitudes, which have no further indebtedness than a hint, and it should be remembered that, as we proceed to everything from something like a hint, it matters little whether we derive this incentive from Nature—the prime origin—or from another, provided we let it stand as an instigation only. Beyond this, it would come under the head of our previous considerations. We are, perhaps, as much the slaves of hints as of anything else; and, as Swift says, our candle is not the less ours, because we have lighted it by another man's fire. If Longfellow's well-known studies among German authors has given a tone to his works, if Faust was the cause of the Golden Legend, and Goethe's Idyl of the Evangeline, he only followed an impulse that no author of susceptibility is free from; and none, but one unmindful of his mission, would dare to refuse such assistance. He knew full well the beneficial results from a habit of contemplating and brooding over the ideas of great geniuses, till, as Sir Joshua says, "you find yourself warmed by the contact—the true method of forming an artistic mind. It is impossible," he adds, "in the presence of great men, to think or invent in a mean manner; a state of mind is acquired which receives those ideas, only, which relish of grandeur and simplicity." The only precaution must be, that we select proper authors for our choicest companions, for such is this incentive to imitation, that whatever may be the work we have last read, or the author we have last studied, there is in many minds an almost irresistible desire to imitate. It is one of Longfellow's chief merits, that he has been select in his choice of those whom he has allowed to hold the beckoning finger, and he has not forgotten a proverb, as apt in literature as in life, that a man is known by the company he keeps; and that much may be done in this way to frame a state

of mind for any species of writing, is without doubt, and Byron informs us that it was his custom to attune his faculties to any particular chord by the perusal of some apposite book. Wieland has told us that he rarely read a book that he did not endeavor to imitate it, and his chief works betray to every one the models that were then nearest to him. Leigh Hunt has acknowledged similar tendencies.

That philosophy would clip an angel's wings, we know to be an expression of the very just doctrine, that philosophical rules, or even too great nicety of knowledge, ought not to be brought into judging of a poet's work. Not that a poet cannot be philosophical or learned, as take Goethe for instance; but that his learning and philosophy should not be allowed to clog his fancy, but only to give it food for its sustenance. As Burke told Barry, there is no faculty of the mind which can bring its energies into effect, unless the memory be stored with ideas for it to work upon.

Another great merit of Longfellow we believe to be his poetic freedom from all the trammels that his extensive erudition and great reading might be supposed to impose. He appears nowhere pedantic. We recognize at once his acquirements and accomplishments; but they only appear as if thoroughly infused into his own nature, and manifest themselves in what, we believe, is the best of originality—knowledge thoroughly digested! This quality with him is of that character which, as Ruskin says, is never to be sought for its own sake—mere aberration—but has arisen naturally out of hard, independent study.

To come to the volume before us, which has been hailed as giving us at least a national poem, we must be allowed to say, that we conceive the nationality of poems to consist in several things, exclusively and jointly. It may relate to a nation's life and character, and so far be national, and yet be told in an exotic style, or after a foreign model, and so far be the reverse. Again, American feeling may be brought to bear upon foreign topics, or possibly foreign influences acquired abroad, be exerted upon American scenes, and the poem still be national, because of its author's nativity. The most perfectly national poem, however, must be considered to be that whose spirit, manner, and substance is wholly of a native kind; and, tried by such a system, Hiawatha must be considered far from entitled to the encomiums bestowed upon it in this respect. We consider the poem as holding something of the relation to American literature that Moore's Lalla Rookh holds to English letters; the one as thoroughly Indian as the other is Eastern in its spirit; and both an honor to the country which produced them. But as long as there is a difference between the Anglo-American and an Aboriginal American, we shall never find a warrant for pronouncing Hiawatha a national poem. Judged by the standard its author intended to establish, it is of sufficient honor to him, without vainly assuming it to be the exponent of any American nationality. Our great national poem is yet to be produced.

We conceive it, however, unfortunate, and not much to our credit, that our best poets can only appear in their most becoming artistic dress through the assistance of

English designers. The illustrated editions of our author's previous poems speak well for the appreciation in which he is held in England, and the beauty and design of execution, which has generally characterized them, leads us to expect something of a superior nature, when the pencil is called upon, as it will be we premise before long, to add to the interest of the text in this, his latest production. With an eye thoroughly disciplined to artistic effect, the poet himself has marked many of his delineations with the strong points, that are to serve the sketcher in his designs. Take for instance the scene of Hiawatha purchasing arrow-heads of the ancient arrow-maker, with—

"The face of Laughing Water  
Peeping from behind the curtain."

Or the interview with Nokomis, when she would dissuade him from marrying a daughter of the Decotahs. Take again the scene when the hero visits the land of the Decotahs to take his bride—

"At the doorway of his wigwam  
Sat the ancient arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Decotahs,  
Making arrow-heads of Jasper,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.  
At his side, in all her beauty,  
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,  
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,  
Flattening mats of fags and rushes.  
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,  
And the maiden's of the future.  
On the mat her hands lay idle,  
And her eyes were very dreamy.  
Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,  
Heard a rustling in the branches,  
And with glowing cheek and forehead,  
With the deer upon his shoulders,  
Suddenly from out the woodlands  
Hiawatha stood before them."

The wedding-feast presents a variety of incidents. The husking the maize-ear offers another subject. The death-scene of Minnehaha is fraught with expression; and the closing section, on the departure of Hiawatha, would admit of several tableaux of exceeding skill.

"With a smile of joy and triumph,  
With a look of exultation,  
As of one who in a vision  
Sees what is to be, but is not,  
Stood and waited Hiawatha.  
Towards the sun his hands were lifted,  
Both the palms spread out against it,  
And between the parted fingers  
Fell the sunshine on his features,  
Ploeked with light his naked shoulders.  
O'er the water floating, flying,  
Something in the hazy distance,  
Something in the mists of morning,  
Loomed and lifted from the water,  
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,  
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.  
It was neither goose nor diver,  
Neither pelican nor heron,  
O'er the water floating, flying,  
Through the shining mist of morning,  
But a birch canoe, with paddles,  
Rising, sinking in the water,  
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine,  
And within it came a people,  
From the farthest realms of morning,  
Came the Black-robe chief, the prophet,  
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,  
With his guides and his companions."

The landscapist will find the poem filled

with some exquisite studies of nature—a few gentle strokes—and all is brought before you. What a night picture is this!—

"All night long he sailed upon it,  
Sailed upon that sluggish water,  
Covered with the mould of ages,  
Black with rotting water-rushes,  
Rank with fags and leaves of tules,  
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,  
Lighted by the glimmering moonlight,  
And by Will-o'-the-wisps illumined,  
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,  
In their weary night encampments.  
All the air was white with moonlight,  
All the water black with shadows."

Quite the opposite is this—

"'Twas an afternoon in summer,  
Very hot and still the air was,  
Very smooth the gliding river,  
Motionless the sleeping shadows;  
Insects glistened in the sunshine,  
Insects skated on the water,  
Filled the drowsy air with buzzing."

We have an artist's selection of epithets, and an almost pre-Raphaelite observance of natural phenomena. Thus, of a column of smoke rising—

"Through the tranquil air of morning,  
First a single line of darkness,  
Then a denser, bluer vapor,  
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,  
Like the tree tops of the forest,  
Ever rising, rising, rising,  
Till it broke against the heaven,  
And rolled outward all around it."

Or in this we have a bolder, single stroke delineation—

"And the pleasant water-courses,  
You could trace them through the valley,  
By the rushing in the Spring-time,  
By the alders in the Summer,  
By the white fog in the Autumn,  
By the black line in the Winter."

How beautifully and exactly the effect of moon-rise on the lake is given in this single line—

"Rippling, rounding from the water."

And the appearance of an evergreen under a snow-fall—

"When the snow-flakes, whirling downward,  
Hisss among the withered oak-leaves,  
Changed the pine trees into wigwags,  
Covered all the earth with silence."

Here is another close study:

"Pishnekuh, the brute, were sailing,  
Through the trants of rushes floating,  
Steering through the reedy islands.  
Now their broad, black beaks they lifted,  
Now they plunged beneath the water,  
Now they darkened in the shadow,  
Now they brightened in the sunshine."

He went to no place but nature for this:

"On the bows, with tail erected,  
Sat the Squirrel, Adjidaumo;  
In his fur the breeze of morning  
Played as in the prairie grasses."

Here is something that a hunter would recognize with pleasure:

"Hidden in the alder bushes,  
There he waited till the deer came,  
Till he saw two antlers lifted,  
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,  
Saw two nostrils point to windward,

And a deer came down the pathway,  
 Flecked with leafy light and shadow.  
 Then upon one knee uprising,  
 Hiawatha aimed an arrow;  
 Scarce a twig moved with his motion,  
 Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,  
 But the wary reobuck started,  
 Stamped with all his hoofs together,  
 Listened with one foot uplified,  
 Leaped as if to meet the arrow:  
 Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,  
 Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!"

There is an appositeness in his smiles,  
 too, as of one steeped in the very essence  
 of nature and poetry,

"And the thunder in the mountains,  
 Whose innumerable echoes  
 Flap like eagles in their gyries."

"And the fog lay on the river  
 Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise."

"Where into the empty spaces  
 Sinks the sun, as a flamingo  
 Drops into her nest at nightfall,  
 In the melancholy marshes."

"Fiercely the red sun descending  
 Burned his way along the heavens,  
 Set the sky on fire behind him,  
 As war-parties, when retreating,  
 Burn the prairies on their war-trail."

"Many a night shook off the daylight,  
 As the pine shakes off the snow-flakes  
 From the midnight of its branches."

But we must bring our notice to a close (for we have overstepped the limits we intended), with wishing that our poet may yet give us a truly national poem; for his success in Evangeline, as a delineation of life and manners, leads us to entertain high hopes.

### IRON BUILDINGS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I notice with interest several new buildings, with iron fronts, in process of construction in our vicinity. In Brooklyn, opposite the City Hall, a large six story block has gone up, as if by magic, within the last few days. It is by far the handsomest building of this material as yet erected. The arches over the windows are supported by fluted columns, which are so arranged as to produce great breadth, as well as richness of effect; one is reminded of some of the grand old palatial structures in Venice. Some of the iron buildings in this city, from carrying mere duplications of the same castings up to the sixth and seventh stories, have produced a very monotonous and insipid effect. Six courses of naked pilasters, or even highly-ornamented composite columns, is an inflection that one does not care to dwell upon.

It would not be hazardous much, perhaps, to predict that our generation will see the day when iron will take the place of all other materials in city architecture. At present it costs more than brick, and less than the finer kinds of stone that are in use. It is, undoubtedly, capable of a great variety of applications. It may be easily moulded into the finest known forms; and when such castings are once completed, they may be multiplied at a constantly decreasing price. When it gets into general use, some design may become so popular, that whole streets will be entirely built of the same pattern. The result would surpass in architectural grandeur anything we now have. The great places of Europe, such as the Louvre, the Tuileries, &c., are but a series of single designs, sketched out sometimes an eighth of a mile,

Each of these designs, standing alone, would be complete in itself. The Louvre, with all its rich array of duplicate carvings and sculpture, could be produced in iron for a comparatively trifling cost.

The efforts of our architects so far, except in the above commended instance, have not been very successful. This no doubt arises in part from the great outlay necessary in getting up the patterns for a single building. So great is this difficulty, and so necessary to the success of the enterprise is an excellence of design that will command a sale, that one may hope for this style of building greater things than has hitherto been known in this country. The greatest care must be taken to get good designs, and when so much is at stake, interested men will be forced into a cultivation of the principles of Art.

We publish above a letter from a correspondent on the subject of iron buildings, in which special praise is awarded to one now being finished in Brooklyn. The communication expresses some opinions which are getting to be popular, and against which we desire to enter our protest. The present manner of using iron for architectural purposes we hold to be wrong, as in opposition to two of the leading principles of the Art. In the first place, the material is thrown into forms which are appropriate only to stone or brick. It is not treated, as iron should be, according to its nature and the laws of its strength. And until it is thus legitimately used, nothing worthy the name of Fine Art will ever be produced with it. Stone, our builders treat with reference to its power of resisting pressure—why, then, should not iron be treated with reference to its peculiar property, that of resisting tension. To ignore this property, and put the material into forms which do not express it, is an utterly inartistic and uninventive proceeding. If it is desirable to develop the use of iron for building purposes, why do not our designers apply to it the same principles and the same careful thought which have been heretofore applied to other materials? Can they not work out the proper and most economical construction for any given purpose, and then ornament that construction? This is surely the only way of getting at an iron style. We are aware that such a style can never have the dignity or power of the Classic or Gothic—and for this reason we believe that stone, brick, and wood, will never be superseded by the new material. But still, dignity and power are not required for all buildings. The lightness and airiness, and perhaps economy, which the use of iron insures, are often more desirable than any artistic effect; and, for these advantages, iron will undoubtedly be much used. But we have yet to see, in our country, any work of high Art in that material.

In the second place, the practice of using cast-iron makes it customary, if not necessary, to repeat the same patterns, whether of construction or ornament, all over the building. In regard to the construction, so that it be good, we do not object to this; but in ornamentation the practice is destructive of all invention, variety, and meaning. It is true that the same thing is done in stone every day; but the custom is none the better for that. It is in fact one of the worst features of our architecture, and one that must be abandoned before there can be any great ad-

vance in the art. Let our readers examine any of the mediæval buildings of Europe, and they will find that, as a rule, there are no two ornaments of the same design in any one of them—certainly, they will never see one design repeated in every part of the building. And it is just this earnest, careful, loving expenditure of thought that gives the Romanesque and Gothic styles their immeasurable superiority over the Roman and later Grecian. Our correspondent, with singular contradiction, first deprecates the "insipid effect" of constant repetition in iron buildings generally, and then advances the ease of duplication as an argument in favor of extending the use of cast-iron! For ourselves, we sincerely hope that we may never see "the Louvre, with all its rich array of duplicate carvings and sculpture," reproduced in iron, at any price.

With regard to the particular building which is so much praised, we should like, if space permitted, to analyze it, and show our readers its numerous defects as a design. But we will content ourselves with expressing our decided opinion that nothing can be more stupid, more painful to the eye, or unsatisfactory to the judgment of those who take the trouble to reason about such things, than the practice of piling up three or four stories of columns and arches on a horizontal cornice, supported only by a few thin piers of cast-iron. Not only here, but in almost every store that is built, the same monstrous arrangement is perpetrated, and we cannot see the shadow of a reason for it. If it is absolutely necessary (which we doubt) to have the whole front from floor to ceiling open for light, we recommend designers to overhaul their books, and see how easily and beautifully the mediæval architects treated this same point.

"Is the beauty of cities no honor to the inhabitants, no excitement to the defence? I doubt not but the beauty of Athens had much effect on the patriotism, and some on the genius of the Athenians. Part of the interest and animation men receive from Homer lies in their conception of the magnificence of Troy. Even the little rock of Ithaca rears up its palaces, sustained by pillars; and pillars are that portion of an edifice on which the attention rests longest and most complacently. For we have no other means of calculating so well the grandeur of edifices, as by the magnitude of the support they need; and it is the only thing about them which we measure in every way by our own."—Newton.

ANTIQUITY.—Antiquity is worthless, except as the parent of experience. That which is useful is alone venerable; that which is virtuous is alone noble; and there is nothing so illustrious as the dedication of the intellect and the affections to the great end of human improvement and happiness; and an end which will be the ultimate test and touchstone of all our institutions, by a reference to which they will be judged, and either perpetuated or swept away.—Westminster Review.

"Painting, by degrees, will perceive her advantages over sculpture; but if there are paces between sculpture and painting, there are parangs between painting and poetry. The difference is, that of a lake confined by mountains, and a river running on through all the varieties of scenery, perpetual and unimpeded. Sculpture and painting are moments of life. Poetry is life itself, and everything around it and above it."—Aspasia to Cleone.